



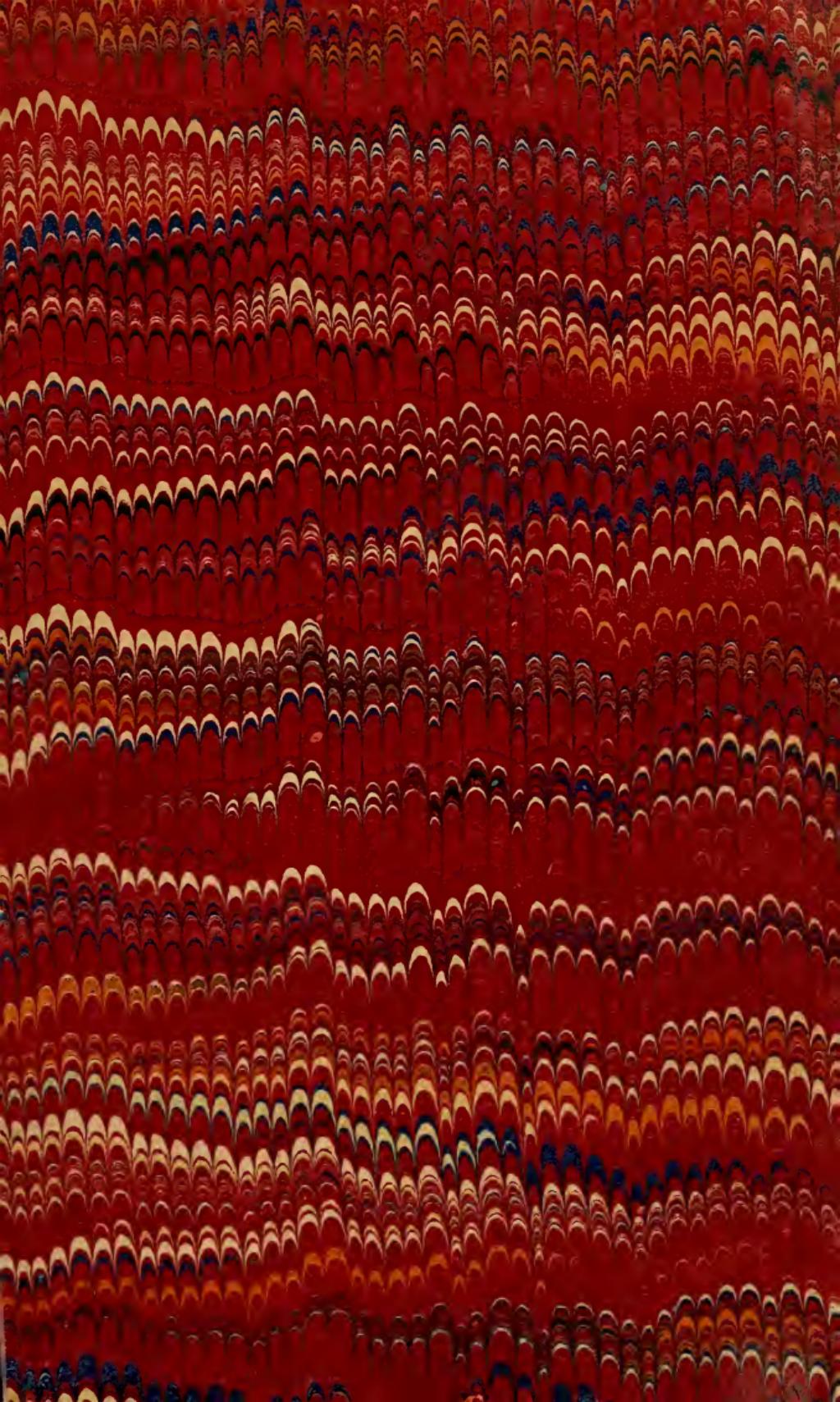
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



✓ H O M E.

A

P O E M.

John B.

Greenshield

O quid solutis est beatius curis!
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto. CATULL.

Waldo?
—
—
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P R E F A C E.

THE subject which I have chosen has too many attractions to have totally escaped notice. Since the time of Dryden, who says satirically,

“ Home is the sacred refuge of our life,
Secured from all approaches but a wife,”

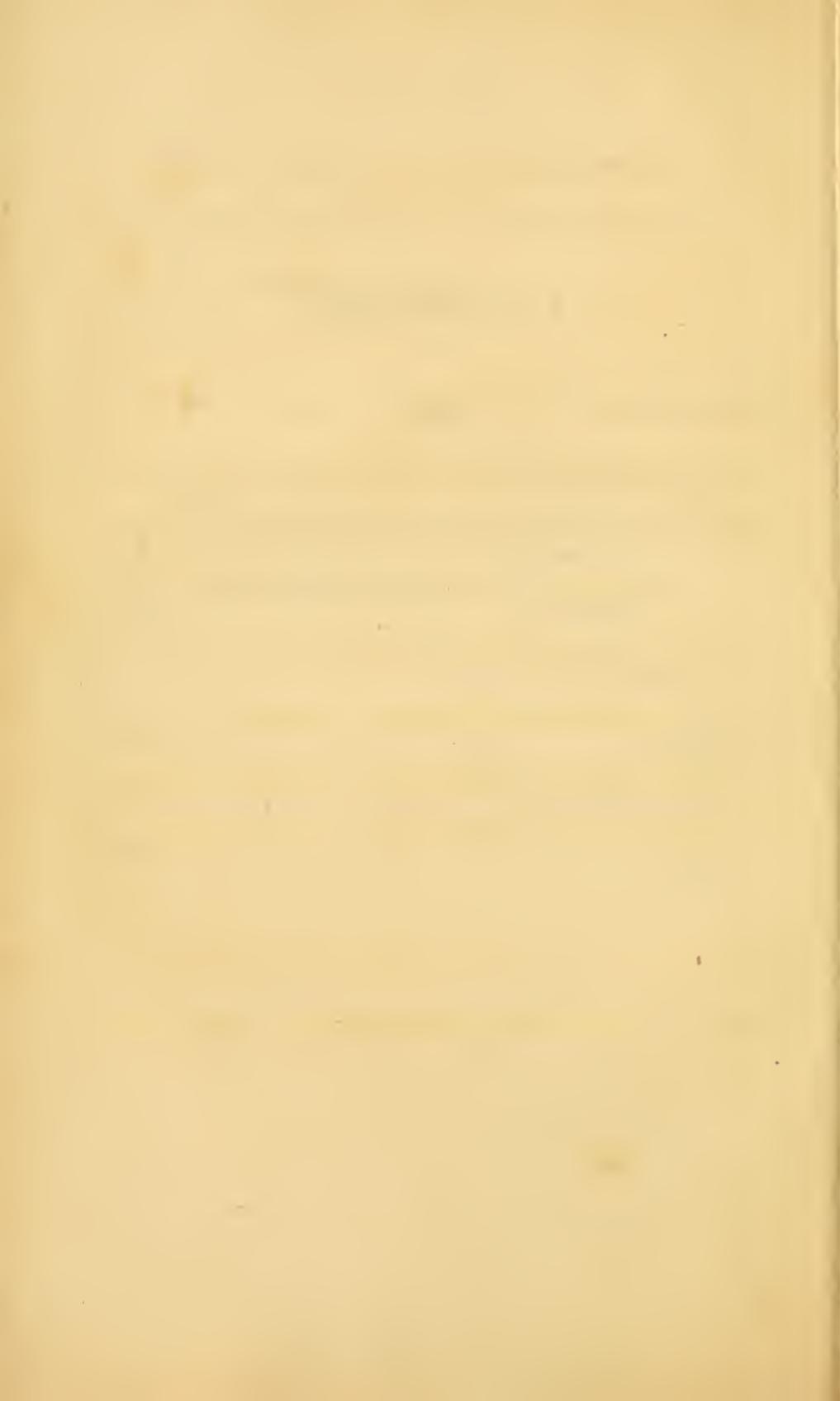
several eminent poets have successfully touched on the same topic, especially Burns and Campbell. But I have never met with any poem, written expressly on the subject of HOME.

Home is sometimes employed to denote our native country, but I have, in general, used it in its more restricted meaning.

The division of a long poem into parts is frequently convenient ; but in the following performance it was necessary, because each part relates to a separate period of time.

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HOME.

PART FIRST.

BELOVED Clydesdale ! Thy green woods are sweet,
When, wreathed with May-flowers, Spring and Sum-
mer meet :

Sweet are thy swelling hills in light array'd,
Thy glens, the haunts of solitude and shade,
Thy streamlets gently murmuring, and the bloom (a)
Showered on their winding banks ;—but sweeter HOME.

There are, the woodland melodies who scorn,—
Charmed with the drum's hoarse note, th' obstreperous
horn,

The trumpet's blast, th' artillery pealing far,
And all the dreadful dissonance of war :
False fame let them pursue, by land and flood,
Disdaining glories un-achieved by blood,
Plunge in the trench, the steel-crowned rampart scale,
But place me, Heaven, in Lothian's peaceful vale.

Once I beheld,—how dear to memory's eye
Nature's wild scenes improved by novelty !—
The vernal Tempest Arran's summits hide,
Move, sternly-lowering, o'er the troubled Clyde,
Deepen the gloom of Cowal's hills of heath,
And wave his terrors over green Roseneath,
From Leven's laughing vale each charm exile,
And pour his wrath on many a trembling Isle.

Yet one fair Islet scorn'd his fierce career,—
Her fields unshadow'd and her fountains clear.
As if his radiant shield some angel cast
O'er her young foliage, swept the tempest past.
Safe from the gusts that ravag'd hill and dale,
The waves rough-rolling, and the arrowy hail,
She smil'd in loveliness, and on her breast
The storm-chased sun beams found a place of rest.

Bright shone that isle amid the flashing foam,
But brighter, lovelier far, to me is Home.

What human tempests rage ! In Europe's sky,
Is the bright sign of mercy spread on high* ?

* "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token
of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to
pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be

No. Hid the sun, and quench'd each cheering star,
Still o'er her nations drives the storm of war ;
Still, on their plains the crimson deluge spreads,
And lightnings, unexhausted, strike their heads.‡
Dread scenes, adieu ! Thrice welcome, haunts obscure :
Shunn'd be the view of ills I cannot cure.
Once glow'd my soul, delighting in the storm ;
Once, even when danger wore his deadliest form,—
Turning the cheeks of more than cowards pale,—
I smil'd, and deem'd that virtue must prevail.
“ As soon from heaven the feeble arm of man
Shall tear the sun, as thwart th' Eternal's plan.”

seen in the cloud : And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh ; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.” Gen. c. ix. v. 13.

‡ Written some years ago.

But when I saw destruction's sanguine flood,
Whelm with one wave the worthless and the good ;
Saw godlike Virtue fall unknown, and Guilt
Sail safe to glory on the blood he spilt,
Then other thoughts arose,—compassion's train ;
But pity, unallied to power, is vain.

My heart, that, when the tempest, echoing, past,
Throbbed high in sad respondence to the blast,
Yet hop'd—vain hope !—to see its terrors cease,
And hail the brightness of enduring peace ;
Deluded oft, forbears at last to roam,
And seeks the sure though humble joys of Home.

Thus the tir'd dove, who issued to explore
If yet th' Immense of waters owned a shore,
When no emerging verdure charmed the sight,
On hasty pinions homeward urged his flight.

Scar'd by the tumult of the boundless tide,
Whose waves, earth's conquerors, still in triumph ride,
(For yet the mountain crests were faintly seen,
Nor rear'd the olive her pacific green)
Glad he returns, his calm abode resumes,
Brightens his purple neck, and smooths his ruffled
plumes. (b)

Home ! o'er me sure his spell some demon threw,
And bade fair-seeming phantoms cheat my view ;
When from thy precincts stray'd my hopes afar,
And, seeking bliss, explor'd the fields of war.
No blooms delight in that sad region rears,
Whose streams are blood, whose dew the orphans' tears.
The spell dissolves.—To thee my footsteps turn,
In whose fair circle, only, joys sojourn ;
Yon skiff that fears to sink, the billows prey,
Less eager hastens to that protecting bay.

Swift as I move, where earth's best blessings dwell,
What glad presentiments my bosom swell !
What recollections ! Memory's power restores,
Home of my childhood, thy beloved shores !
Fair, bursting through oblivion's mist, appear
Thy deep-green vales, bold hills, and fountains clear.
The days of new-born transport beam anew,
And Clyde's blue waters glitter on my view :
He mark'd my boyish sports.—Entranc'd I spy
His brown cliffs towering to the sunny sky ;
Where, glens and wild woods trembling at the sound,
O'er Corra's rock he springs with giant bound.
Below, his banks more beauteous hues assume,
With hazels green, or bright with blossom'd broom.
Remoter still, his stream majestic glides,
Towers, temples, cities, glittering on his sides.

Again the crag abrupt I climb, and now
Pluck the wild berries purpling o'er its brow :
Now arm'd, but not for deeds of blood, I go,
Unfledg'd my arrows, and unsure my bow :
Now light of foot, with heart more light, I strain
In playful contest o'er the well-known plain ;—
Dear to my heart ! 'Tis consecrated ground :
And there my lost companions sport around,
Such as they were. In this enraptur'd hour,
Distance relents, and death suspends his pow'r.
To life restor'd, a thousand beauties start,
A thousand sweet sensations crowd my heart ;
As, lost in thought I range each fairy scene,
Bend o'er the bridge, or linger on the green.
Ere while less sweet, they now delight the eye,
Seen in the soften'd light of memory's sky.

Days of untroubled joy ! Yet why deplore
Days fled forever, joys that come no more !
Shall I, though childhood's sun be ever set,
Mourn, as if nought were left me but regret ?
Much, much remains ; and riper years bestow
High varied joys, that childhood cannot know ;
Forms of delight which plastic fancy wove,
Sweets given by science, transports snatch'd from love.
A better, dearer Home my choice awaits,
The beams of welcome brightening o'er its gates ;—
A Home where EMMA,—while that name I speak,
Life's quicken'd current reddens o'er my cheek—
My Emma, grac'd with loveliness and youth,
Yet more with innocence adorn'd, and truth ;
Her love shall hail, and own with smiles unfeign'd,
His hopes might wander, but his heart remain'd.

HOME.

PART SECOND.

ASSAILED by countless ills on unknown seas,
The tempest's sport, the victims of disease,
No friendly harbour near, no hand to save
Thy warriors, ANSON, from the unsated wave ;
What joyous shouts they rais'd, when "land" was heard,
And, sharp and bleak, Fernandez' hills appear'd.
But as they nearer drew, with favouring gales ;
Saw the green knolls, and dim retiring vales ;
Lawns glittering with the flowers of spring survey'd,
By myrtles circled, lending ceasless shade ;

Beheld clear fountains sparkle down the steep,
Gleam through the thickets, round the meadows sweep;
And,—scarce escap'd the uproar of the floods,—
Heard the soft murmur of the leafy woods ;
While o'er the plains and uplands, doubly bright, (c)
The evening sun diffus'd his rosy light,—
'Twas extacy ! The sick man rais'd his head,
Alien from earth, a brother of the dead ;
Gaz'd on the shore, but trembled as he gaz'd,
Lest phrensy all th' Elysian scene had rais'd.
But when the aromatic land-gale blows,
And on his ear the woods wild music flows,
From his dim eyes the beams of gladness break,
Hope's purple glow illumes his pallid cheek ;
Home rises on his mind in all its charms,
His wife, his children, strain him in their arms :

And, listening fond to transport's syren voice,
He dreams of years to come, and long, unbroken joys.

Bright were the visions on his soul that shone,
But bliss, as bright, more real, is my own.

Seat of delights, that love and peace endear,
Love free from doubt, and peace unstained by fear ;
Thou better Eden, by the chastening sword
Of Heaven all-good, denied not, but restor'd,—
Hail, Paradise of soul ! Among thy blooms,
Whose fragrance gives new life, a wanderer comes.
Here let me pause, a more than passing guest,
Here claim—ah, not in vain !—thy soothing rest,
Those blessings share to God's Beloved given,
And taste, unbought by death, the joys of heaven.

Seat of my joys ! In thee my soul shall prove
The bliss, unpoisoned by the griefs, of love ;
From Emma's glance the fiends of care depart,
While seraphs bending, own her sister heart.
In thy retreats her radiance virtue pours,
Hope's everlasting spring awakes her flowers ;
No blasts of anger or caprice destroy
The opening blossoms of domestic joy,
No clouds of coldness or disgust arise,
Thy fields to sadden or obscure thy skies.

Adorn'd by nature ! no exotic flowers
Their haughty corols rear amid our bowers.
There lurks the violet ; the sweet briar there
Yields willing kisses to the sportive air ;
Her flexile arms the honeysuckle spreads ;
And virgin roses blushing, bend their heads.

Supreme o'er all, Simplicity presides,
The arbour forms, the yielding streamlet guides,
Bids northern woods extend their sheltering arms,
And aids, but fears to alter, nature's charms.

Oh ! 'tis a toil enlivened by delight,—
Th' Hesperian star so cheers the brow of night,—
To lead the pathway, now through sylvan glooms,
Now, in broad sunshine, where the meadow blooms ;
Now on the river's brink, now high above,
And think how oft the steps of those I love
Shall trace it, charmed ;—young groves to plant, and say,
“ Their boughs may shade us when my locks are grey ;”
To graft, and hope my children may behold
The branches bend with fruit, Pomona's gold,
Or tinted with the rose's warmest glow ;—
In day-dreams sweet as these, the moments flow

Unmarked ; while Love, around a sunny gleam
Diffusing, breathes " Thy bliss is not a dream."

"Tis not a dream : Look, listen, and confess
Each tone, each object, heightening happiness.
Here not a bloom, misplaced, offends the sight ;
But all in glowing harmony unite.
To aid the fascination of the scene,
No shrub is useless, and no flower is mean,
Even that rude furze unfolds a golden dye,
That flowerless fern displays its symmetry ;
The daisy's petals brighten o'er the green,
And harebells rise in azure pride between.
Here not a sound is heard but boasts a charm
Suffering to soothe, and sadness to disarm.

The bleat of flocks, the distant lowings rise,
Symphonious with the music of the skies ;
The brook its murmur yields, the grove its sigh,
And the bee-nations join their deep-toned minstrelsy.

Though hosts of clouds obscure the sunny sky ;
Though o'er mid-heaven the sounding tempests fly,
Embrown the earth, and turn the seas to foam,
Yet storms shall spare, and lightning shun our Home.
Though Winter riding on the whirlwind's wing,
O'er plain and mountain his white terrors fling,
In adamant confine the struggling surge,
Drive the pale sun to æther's southern verge,
And waste the world ; yet shall he strive in vain
Th' impregnable retreat of Home to gain.

The blazing fires shall chase his cold away,
Th' illumined hall deride his scanty day,
And, free as Avon flows in Summer's pride,
The tranquil stream of home-felt bliss shall glide.

Seat of my joys ! In thy fair circle rest
Each hope, each wish that swells this throbbing breast.
The world, and all its host of evils known,
That prompt th' unceasing tear, and rouse the groan—
Its painted charms, its hollow raptures tried,
As quicksands false, and changeful as the tide,—
Can aught allure me from this dear retreat,
Pain to solicit, and ensure regret ?
As those illusive fires, that, mid the night,
Seduce the traveller with their mimic light,

But to mislead, their chill morasses leave,
Move to perplex, and dazzle to deceive—
Such, and so transitory, so untrue,
The earth-sprung joys that erring men pursue ;
Yet, yet to meteor lights their trust is given,
And scorned the guiding beam that shoots from heaven.

Offspring of earth ! by self-made sufferings torn,
Scorned, did not pity check the smile of scorn ;
Why will ye chase, expos'd to countless harms,
False bliss, while real rapture courts your arms ?
Why seek, where Lapland spreads her cheerless snows,
The heath-flower, while your gardens boast the rose ?
Ah learn, ere guilty anguish blanch your cheek,
How vain, how joyless, are the joys you seek !

Dim, useless is the diamond's trembling ray,
Contrasted with the genial blaze of May ;
More dim, more vain, those pleasures ye prefer,
Matched with the blessings of yon Cottager :
Health pours her current through his vigorous breast,
And toil sheds sweetness on the bed of rest.
Th' endearing ties of husband, father, child,
Unmixed with doubt, by interest undefil'd ;
The heart that never throbbed with pain or fear ;
The spirits bright,—the conscience ever clear ;—
These are his joys,—and while he boasts of these,
Care is his scorn, and poverty can please :
These form his wealth ; that genuine wealth unknown,
How poor the proud possessor of a throne !
What are his ills ? At dawn, perhaps, he goes
Through plashy fields, or strives with blinding snows ;

All day he labours ; cold, or showers annoy ;
But evening comes, and yields him up to joy :
Sweet hour ! To him, who day in toil has worn,
More dear than vernal noon or summer morn.
Then, while the tribes of fashion, folly-sway'd,
Prepare for languid dance or masquerade ;
Where, midst the shining crowds around that press,
The sickening heart feels nought but emptiness ;—
Then home he hastes : the peat-fire seen afar,
Through his lone window, shines his guiding star.
Now, crossed the brook and passed the purple moor,
He pauses at th' unlatched half-opening door ;
His wife, his offspring, thrilled with love surveys,—
Bliss of the present, hope of future, days ;
See one, quick turning, views her father's face,
And all the shouting train contend for his embrace.

Anew the fire is stirred, and blazes high ;
The plain repast, which health makes luxury,
Is spread ; the song succeeds ; the tale of mirth
Bids laughter circle round the happy hearth ;
Prelude of deep and undisturbed repose.—
Such are his pleasures, so his evenings close.

Where genius, science, taste, their gifts bestow,
Bliss higher, joys more intellectual, flow.
With these, 'twere madness, but to breathe a sigh
For aught besides that chance or fate deny.
Shall Wealth, who scorpions views amid his store ;
Shall Pleasure, at her banquet craving more ;
Shall Power, who grasps the land and strides the wave,
Yet trembles, as he eyes his trembling slave ;
Shall these pale Forms, that vainly mimic joy,
The husband, father, from his home decoy ?

For him, tho' beckoning they should spread their arms,
Display their treasures, and exalt their charms ;
Could all their treasures, all their charms, impart
The thrill that shoots electric through his heart,
Flashed from the heaven of mild Affection's eyes,
Beamed in her smile, a light from paradise ?

Slave of the world ! Does still thy heart inquire,
Stubborn in wrong, " Can sensual raptures tire ?
Wealth sure, when wise, to use his treasures knows,
And Power, secure from terror, may repose."

Grant, grant that fate recals his fixed decree,
And Heaven's firm laws are overturned for thee ;
Yet think what ills thy painful search may prove,
Th' abyss below, the precipice above ;—

Think of the foes forever hovering round,
To urge the open blow, or secret wound.

What poisonous serpents lurk midst Pleasure's
flowers !

What demons, angel-seeming, haunt her bowers !

Attained their limits, that rash Youth survey,

Fresh as the morn, and as the sky-lark gay ;

She spreads her charms, displays her winning wiles,

And draws him with the magic of her smiles.

Forbear, forbear ! avoid her dangerous seat ;

Retreat, while Innocence secures retreat !

Her arm is stretched to save, her voice of love

Invites thy footsteps from th' enchanted grove.

In vain her warning voice, her glance in vain,

More eloquent, implores him to refrain.

He moves ;—the line irremeable is past,
The spell imposed, which lasts while time shall last ;
His Seraph-guardian sheds from sorrowing eyes
Such tears as angels weep, and heavenward flies.

Light, as unchained, the victim bounds along,
Shines in the dance, and swells the festive song ;
Twines wreathes of freshest roses for his brow,
To yielding beauty breathes his burning vow,
Awakes the blush voluptuous, and receives
Those joys, which love, divorced from virtue, gives.

Short joys ! In flight, their pinions are display'd,
Before the roses of his chaplet fade.
Less swift exhale the dew drops from the thorn,
Than perish the vain joys that vice adorn.

Lo, while in pleasure's lap her votary lies,
Love in his glances, rapture in his sighs,
Shame on his secret haunts delights to glide,
Expands the portal, bids the world deride :
Then, all his bliss disclosed to blasting eyes,
With more than lightning-speed the demon flies,
Mountains pervades, o'er swelling seas is borne,
And teaches echo's voice the lengthened laugh of scorn.

Does Love, does Courage ward the shaft of Shame,
As guards the laurel from the lightning's flame ?*
More potent fiends shall rise, and weave a spell,
Which Courage cannot break, nor Love repel.

* " *Lauri fruticem non icit*," says Pliny. This error, once popular, is now exploded, but it is not, perhaps, unfitted for the purposes of poetry.

Lo, Poverty ! (d) Her freezing influence spreads
Decay and desolation where she treads ;
Pale at her touch the cheek of beauty grows,
And, shuddering at her aspect, flies repose.
Behold Disease his proteus-form display,
And shock with scenes of agony the day ;—
Now on his prey with fiery talons dart,
Now shoot his venom'd arrows through the heart,
Or pour of pestilence the yellow flood,
Or tear the turgid veins, and feast on blood.
Lo, Age ! with palsied limbs and leaden eyes,
From whose faint grasp indignant Pleasure flies ;
And, direst far of all the fiends who shed
Infernal plagues on man's devoted head,
Remorse, with eyes reverted oft to trace
The conscious crime that holds his steps in chase ;

Remorse, delighted quivering hearts to tear,
Whose touch is anguish, and whose shriek despair ;
Dread Powers of utter darkness, ye shall give
Tortures that make it Heaven's worst curse to live !
By you obscured, the day, that shone so bright,
Shall close, ere noon, in storms and endless night !

Wealth ! Power ! With them do truer joys abound ?
Do their domains no evils compass round ?
Dark, as yon clouds o'er Pentland's hills that lower,
Appear the legions guarding wealth and power.
Stern on their frontiers, pale Suspicions keep
Relentless watch, that knows not rest or sleep.
There Danger joys his fiery bands to form,
His glance the flash of Heaven, his step the storm ;
There Hate, whose day-dreams scenes of blood defile,(e)
Deceit, who wears a dagger and a smile ;

And fierce Destruction, opening from beneath
The mine in whose dark chambers revels death ;—
These shall arise, and thousands in their train,
Thy strength o'erpower, and prove thy caution vain.
Ah cease in search of misery to rove,
And choose, with ~~EDWIN~~, happiness and love !
Edwin, my friend, who long, opinion's slave,
Pursued the phantom, wealth, by land and wave ;
Now, 'mid the joys his simple Home that grace,
Regrets alone the years he lavished in the chace.

Where, fire-enthroned, Zaara's* Genius reigns,
And shoots fell glances o'er his joyless plains,

* The *Great Desert* is, in extent, nearly equal to one half of Europe. It is interspersed with habitable spots, or *Oases*, as they were termed by the ancients, of greater or less fertility. Some are now unknown, and some, perhaps, have never been

Blasts vegetation with his poisonous breath,
And wraps the traveller in his sands of death ;
Can nature smile ? Does aught the view descry,
But glittering deserts, and a flaming sky ?
Yes ; close embosomed in that dreary waste,
Relenting Heaven a verdant Isle has placed,
Whose thickened shades the torrid rays repel,
Where, mingling beauties, Spring and Autumn dwell.
Against the ramparts of her fair domain,
The demons of the desert rage in vain ;
In vain th' invader Heat his arrows plies,
Cool flow her fountains, green her palm trees rise ;

discovered. The *Oasis*, in which the temple of Jupiter Ammon was situated, is described to have been the residence of coolness and perpetual spring. The inhabitants lived in cottages dispersed through the forests, where the streams preserved a luxuriant vegetation.

Safe from his burning shafts, light zephyrs play
Amid her groves, along her streamlets stray,
Collect the fragrant tribute of her flowers,
And breathe perfume and freshness on her bowers.

Such, such to Edwin, long condemned to roam
This waste of earth, the joys of Love and Home.

O'er Edwin's path his snares Deception spread,
And ruin's blast beat boisterous on his head.
His soul was sickened ; new disasters came,
Prest on his heart, and agonized his frame.
More transient than the glowing tints of eve,
The Forms of fancied bliss his dwelling leave.
Scared by the glance of Misery's hollow eye,
In fear-struck bands, the Loves and Graces fly,

With hastier step pale Gratitude retires,
To burn on newer altars brighter fires.
Even Friendship's train, though bound by many a tie,—
Diminished anguish, and imparted joy,—
Lords of his bosom, sceptered in his heart,
With cold and unreverted looks depart.
When August, and her radiance, leaves our sky,
Thus on light wings the summer warblers fly ;
Look back with scorn on scenes they prized before,
And seek a brighter clime, a greener shore.

Yet ONE there is whose faith no ills subdue,—
True as the violet to the spring is true ;
True as the spring to Damas' fragrant bowers,
Or to the bird of song the queen of flowers* :—

* The loves of the *nightingale* and the *rose*, are the frequent theme of oriental poetry.

AGNES, sweet maid ! when selfish crowds retire,
When Hope her anchor quits, and Joy his lyre,
With love unchilled, with courage undismay'd,
'Tis thine, to bring thy sinking lover aid ;
With tender soothings lessen sorrow's weight,
And warm with smiles the winter of his fate.

So when the hosts of Winter earth o'er run,
And laugh to scorn the arrows of the sun,
By ice-bolts struck, the flowery bands lie dead,
And vegetation gasps beneath the tempest's tread :
The forest-nations tremble : wildly driven,
Their leaves fly scattered to the winds of heaven :
Save where the beech's foliage, vainly true,
Clings shrivelled, to the stem on which it grew.

'Tis then the myrtle, still to beauty dear,
That, cherished by Miranda, many a year
Has seen the woodland glories born and die,
Smiles at the rigours of the wintry sky,

And, still unchanged amid the changing scene,
Her vernal fragrance breathes, and spreads her vernal
green.

Edwin, what bliss is thine such love to share,
Love that might sooth remorse, and charm despair !
Yet, ah, what pang its bounties to forego,
And fill from rapture's fount the cup of wo !
For canst thou, deep-enamoured as thou art,
Lord of each wish that fills her gentle heart,
To blend her fates with thine thy power employ ?—
Build on her sufferings thy contracted joy ?—
Snatch from the garden's warmth her opening bloom,
And plant her in the circle of the tomb ?
So deems he.—“Dear though Agnes, bright her charms,
Though heaven reside within her circling arms ;

This bosom, selfish transports far above,
Pants with a purer flame, a holier love :
Can rapture reach me from an anguished breast ?
Can I know bliss, if Agnes be unblest ?”

For once, oh Fortune, let dejected Worth
Divide thy favours with the sons of earth ;
One glittering pittance rescue from the bad,
To bid the pensive heart of Love be glad.
The stores that minister to vile desires,
That heighten to destruction vice’s fires,
To Edwin lent, would chase Misfortune’s gloom,
And light with happiness his cheerless Home.
Vain prayer ! Profusely Fortune’s bounty flies,
But rarely lavished on the good and wise :
In Wealth’s wide Sea unceasing torrents pour,
While the grey Desert asks in vain a show’r.

But toil may give, but skill and courage gain
The prize, by love from Fortune sought in vain.
'Tis fixed ; his Home, his native land resign'd,
His happiness—for Agnes stays behind—
O'er regions far remote shall Edwin rove,
To diadem with wealth the brow of love.

Unwise !—His heart resists the dire behest,
And struggling asks, “ Are riches only blest ?”
In vain its claim is made. From Reason's sight,
The film of Prejudice excludes the light.
Those themes th' Idolaters of dust enforce,
Even while he scorns their vileness, urge his course :
“ Love is a stain, with poverty enroll'd ;—
It shines no gem, unless encashed in gold.”

Lo, by conflicting hopes and passions driven,
Far wanders Edwin from his native heaven ;
Now wondering views, on Arctic billows borne,
The Pole's ice-mountains, and her midnight morn ;
Now moors his bark on Carthagena's strand,
Or treads with steps of anguish Lybia's sand.
Yet, doomed the sport of each malignant star,
From love, from friendship, from compassion far,
To Home, resistless magnet of the soul,
He turns, though oceans interposing roll ;
To Agnes' bosom, his heart's dearest Home,
Where—'tis their chosen place,—the virtues bloom,
His passions turn, as restless yet as true
As the wild waves, that Dian's orb pursue.

Long, long by unrelenting fates harass'd,
Parched by the sun, and sickened by the blast,

The Wanderer, tedious years of suffering o'er,
With baffled hopes, returns to Europe's shore.
In vain did either world disclose its spoils,
With meteor-flight they shunned his virtuous toils :
Guilt, offering wealth, his cold reserve arraigned ;
But wealth, bestowed by guilt, his soul disdained.

Shall he behold his native Isle again,
Bright emerald on the bosom of the main ?—
Review the unforgotten haunts of love,
The bank soft-sloping, and the well-known grove ?—
Clasp the fair object of his hopes and fears,
And give to peace and love his coming years ?
The World's stern voice prevails : With ceaseless ire
The demon Poverty exclaims, “ Retire !”
With threatening gesture urges his command,
And, overshadowing, guards the promised land.

Obedience slow, reluctant, Edwin yields,
And France receives the stranger in her fields ;
With smiles, though faithless, sweet, consoles his woes,
And gives,—what can she more ?—a sad repose.
Such the repose that spreads o'er nature's form,
When awful pauses the careering storm,—
Pauses, with mightier force again to rise,
Crush the green year, and shade the opening skies.

As frequent roaming by the azure Seine,
He views the ills that crowd a despot's reign,
And asks, while lost in thought he eyes the wave,
“ Ah, why is man a tyrant or a slave ?”
His mind from Misery's dark and present shapes,
Eager, to scenes of past delight, escapes,
He sees the Graces' fane, the Virtues' seat,
Dear to the good, unsullied by the great ;

He sees the green Slope to the west descend,—
The glittering Stream around it slowly bend,—
The Woods, which Spring's light pencil loves to tinge,
The farther bank with varied verdure fringe ;
The ancient Castle on the eastern hill,
Crushed by the mace of Time, yet threatening still ;—
These he beholds ; and lovelier far than all,—
Clear stream, or woody bank, or social hall,—
His Agnes sees, as oft he saw, again
With beauty's blaze illumine hill and plain ;
Disclose the smile, that might even demons move,
And dart the glance, all-eloquent in love.

Brief, brief delights ! See recollection start,
And all the shining dreams of bliss depart.

He wakes to feel himself exiled, unknown ;
To mark, and mark in vain, Affliction's groan ;
Heaven's dark decrees with fruitless toil to scan,
And know that man's worst enemy is man.

The banished Wanderer thus, who darkling goes,
Grief his companion, 'mid Siberian snows,
Beholds at times the Boreal glories rise,
And light with cheering beams the moonless skies.

Now winged with fire, the streamy squadrons dart,
Rush in resplendent columns, join and part ;
Now, o'er the heavens, in calm effulgence drawn,
Surpass the splendours of the southern dawn.

Short splendours ! see, from all the darkening sky,
In lucid crowds th' electric armies fly,
And swift descend, extinct each friendly light,
The deepest shadows of the polar night.

At length disaster's quivered ills are spent,
The clouds of wo disperse, the winds relent,
And Edwin views, exulting at the view,
Heaven's opening fields of sun-illumined blue.
Yet once, once more, so rigorous fates ordain,
His venturous bark must plow th' Atlantic main.

'Twas Spring ; o'er Nature's bosom, pale and cold,
The west-wind breathed, the floods of sunshine roll'd.
In Edwin's breast, long chilled by wintry woes,
A fairer spring, the spring of Hope arose.
Her languid flow'rets Gladness bade revive,
And Transport smiling saw her rose-buds live :
They live, but blow not ; till in kindlier skies
They catch the beams of Agnes' sunny eyes.

By laughing omens cheered, and prosperous gales,
From Havre's port the bark of Edwin sails ;
With rapid course the yielding waters cleaves,
And the low shore in shapeless distance leaves.
False omens !—Soon the favouring breeze inspires
The swelling sails no more, but sad retires ;
While rising fierce, with terrors all his own,
The scowling South-wind mounts his cloudy throne ;
Bids his black squadrons darken all the pole,
And fires descend, and deep-toned thunders roll.

Long in the school of suffering taught to bear,
To scorn the shafts of pain, and brave despair,—
Edwin, exalted o'er the fear-struck crew,
Eyes the commotion with untroubled view,

Intrepid sees, above, around, beneath,
Th' inevitable ills, and smiles at death.

In that dread hour, amid the raging storm,
Full on his soul rose Agnes' lovely form.
Less fair, light graces dancing in her train,
Rose new-born Beauty from the dimpling main ;
While earth, in smiles below, and heaven above,
Rejoicing hailed the dawning reign of love.
Less lovely, from the abyss of solid night
Sprung the new Sun, and poured his infant light.
The beauteous Form, portrayed by Fancy's hand,
Points with sweet gesture to his native land,
Waves her white arm, bids vanished Hope appear,
And breathes in love and music on his ear,—

“ One struggle more, and then no more we part,
One triumph, and we mingle heart with heart :
Surcharged with joy, exulting years shall come,
And I and love imparadise thy Home.”

Fired by the bright creation of his mind,
The love of life restored, and doubt resign’d,
All energy he looks, persuades, impels,—
His courage swelling as the danger swells.
To the pale mariners, subdued by fears,
And mingling with the tempest groans and tears,
He moves a ruling angel, swift to save,
Whose voice can still the wind and calm the wave ;
Before whose glance the vanquished clouds shall fly,
And kindred sunbeams brighten o’er the sky.
Strong in his strength, with rushing seas they cope,
And rallying crowd th’ exulting ranks of hope.

Vain all their toil ! Intrepid though they strive,
Before the storm they see the vessel drive,
Swift as an eagle shooting on his prey,
While lines of foam disclose her arrowy way.

All day, an anxious day, the vessel flew,
But clouds and billows bounded still their view :
Night, darkest night, assumed her ebon throne,
And no propitious constellation shone.
The morning dawns ; its inauspicious light,
Shrouded in mist, appears a paler night.
Noon comes, but round his brow no glories play,
Dim as the Twilight, telling " it was day."

Their fate draws on : the billows' deepening roar,
Announces near a rough and dangerous shore ;

And scarce announces, ere with dreadful shock

The bark is shivered on a pointed rock.

'Twas felt ere seen ; and now dismay began,

Electric-winged, to speed from man to man ;

Despair rush'd onward with a torrent's sway,

And swept the mounds of discipline away.

The boat is launched ; the seamen crowding round,

Deem Safety beckoning to its narrow bound ;

With phrenzied haste descend the vessel's side,

And shoreward, on the mountain billows ride.

Edwin alone remains, in vain implores

The eager crew to doubt these unknown shores ;

In vain reminds them, as their course they urge,

How frail th' o'erladen skiff, how fierce the surge !

The sullen Mist, low brooding on the main,

Spreads her grey mantle o'er the frantic train.

Hark, 'tis their fate ! The sharp cry of despair,
Once and again repeated, thrills the air :
And now, 'tis silence,—more than clamour dread,
The deep heart-chilling silence of the dead.

'Tis done. The Deep, as satiated with prey,
Melts in complacent smiles his rage away ;
And the fierce Blast, his work of ruin o'er,
In softened murmurs plays along the shore ;
Yet heaven's blue arch is still involved in clouds,
And still impervious mist the ocean shrouds.

The favouring instant Edwin spies to reach,
On floating wreck sustained, the pebbly beach ;
Still unsubdued by toil, untouched by fear,
He gives his lost companions' fate a tear ;

Then hastes, with steady footsteps, to explore
Th' obscure recesses of this unknown shore.

A stream he meets, that to the ocean sped,
Its waters quivering o'er their sandy bed ;
The banks at first are sloping, smooth, and green,
But soon a giant rock projects between.
Now still ascending, Edwin, charm'd, espies,
Full-foliaged thickets on the banks arise,
That o'er each rudeness cast a verdant veil,
And bend and murmur in the sportive gale.

“ Stream of my native fields ! Methinks again
I see your clear waves hastening to the main ;
Such banks as these, so fair, your course confine,
And such the windings of your silver line.

That rock, these woody heights ! Can Heaven restore,
Benignant in its wrath, my native shore ?
Vain thought ! My native shore removed afar,
Resists with fearless front the watery war.
And Thou, remembered still 'mid joys and cares,
Know'st not the varied ills thy Edwin bears,—
Unconscious of the elemental fray,
That swept his bright and blooming hopes away.

“ O happy Ignorance ! Perhaps, even now,
Her lips again repeat our plighted vow.
That seat is hers, beneath the beechen grove,
Where first she heard, nor scorned, my timid love.
Still I behold her, as she sat reclin'd,
Her dark locks waving in the western wind ;

Light-stealing blushes wander o'er her cheek,
And her bright eyes a thousand meanings speak :
Her cheek, that rose-bud turning from the gale,
Her eyes, the bright-blue sky of Annandale.—
Heavens, what soul-melting radiance in them shone,
As soft she sigh'd, ' Thine, Edwin, thine alone !'
My heart dissolved in bliss ; and earth and sky,
Flushed with new glories, looked their sympathy.
The stream more limpid, glided at our feet,—
His murmurs softer, and his banks more sweet.
A melody more touching thrilled the grove,—
Unnumbered notes, and every note was love ;—
Ah, must I still, by Fortune's frowns harass'd,
Steal from the present to enjoy the past ?
Shall I, no more, each painful thought at rest,
Explore and find my heaven on that dear breast ?"

Fresh blows the breeze : The vanquished vapours fly ;
A tide of sunny radiance floods the sky ;
Fields, woods, and glittering streams, arrayed in light,
A world of brightness ! burst on Edwin's sight.
Can this be real ? Sure enchantment reigns ;
For sees he not, entranced, his native plains ?
On the green hill, that fronts his eager view,
Where oft he strayed, when life and joy were new,
Beholds he not the well-known castle-wall,
Hoary with age, and nodding to its fall ?
The tower, whose summits yet to heaven ascend,
His heart confesses as an ancient friend.
The wood, that echoed with the blackbird's song ;
The rock, o'er which the river foamed along ;
The aged oak, conspicuous 'midst the scene,
Vast, and alone, the monarch of the green ;

The seat of love ;—what beauteous vision beams,
More bright than fields, and woods, and glittering
streams ?

’Tis she ! ’Tis Agnes on that seat reclin’d,
Her dark locks waving in the western wind ;
But lilyed paleness on her cheeks appears,
And her eyes sparkle through a veil of tears.

“ My Agnes ! my beloved ! my only care ! ”
The well-known accents struck the pensive Fair.
The Fair looked up, and saw her Edwin’s form,
With watching pale, and outraged by the storm.
Love, wonder, doubt,—a thousand feelings prest,
Commingling, through her agitated breast,
In her sweet eyes obscured the heavenly flame,
And almost shook to death her lovely frame.

Surprise o'erwhelmed, but Love's soft arts restore,
" My Edwin lives, and Grief is mine no more ;
For me he lives, for me, supremely blest !
What power, what angel, brings thee to my breast ?"

" The angel, who delights in virtuous love.
Thine, thine, my Agnes, never more to rove.
The frantic chace of riches I disclaim ;
Love needs them not, to feed his holy flame.
Love needs them not. Let Fortune's gifts depart.
Himself suffices to a faithful heart."

HOME.

PART THIRD.

FREQUENT, on sun-beams borne, the Summer-hours
Have gladdened the green earth with countless flow'rs ;
Flowers ere November's reign to be o'erthrown,—
Since HOME, and THOU, my Emma, were my own.
They came, and saw the joys of many a Home
Decayed, while mine assumed a brighter bloom ;
They fled, and left to sullen storms the year,
But Summer, brighter than they bring, is here.

What rose can emulate Affection's cheeks ?
Are woodland notes so sweet, as when she speaks ?
Her eyes their light from June's mild evening stole,
And hers the ceaseless Summer of the soul.

Home of our choice, I love thee ;—not a tree
Waves in thy green bounds, but is dear to me,
And musical its voice.—Hark, as they move,
Whispers, more soft than elsewhere, fill the grove !
The brook, that o'er yon rock descends in foam,
Abrupt, as if in haste to reach its home,
Then, lingering, through my mead its passage takes,
Beyond these limits no such murmuring makes.
This moss-rose, on whose half-unfolded breast,
Yet moist with dew, the bee delights to rest,
Breathes, lightly dancing in the freshening gale,
Fragrance more sweet than stranger flowers exhale.

And you, wild warblers of my native plains,
Whom fashion hears not, and whom pride disdains ;
Ye linnets, that through birch-woods love to roam,
Ye red-breasts, minstrels of the peasant's home,
Whose voice, whose hue, as light ye flit, disclose
The union of the nightingale and rose* ;
To me more pleasure yields each artless note,
Than all the songs through foreign groves that float.
Mine be the care, that no rude hand molests
The sanctuary of your protected nests :
These little homes shall be inviolate long,
If long I live,—nor anguish mar your song.
What charms not? Even that sparrow's voice, tho' rude,
Conspires to cheer our populous solitude ;

* The oriental fiction of the loves of the nightingale and the rose, has led Darwin to form a monster, half-bird, half-flower, from their union. *Botanic Garden.*

While, with a bosom that no cares annoy,
He from the hawthorn chirps his lively joy.

Why all so sweet, so dear? 'Tis Home improves
Whatever lives, or vegetates, or moves.

She on these woods a nameless charm bestows,
Her magic radiance o'er the landscape throws,
Bids sweeter music breathe at morn and even,
And gifts the flowers with fragrance stol'n from
heaven.

Empress of heaven, the moon, adorns the night;
But when the day-spring pours its waves of light,
Beamless, forsaken by the starry crowd,
She seems, scarce viewed, a speck of silvery cloud.
Before the lingering rose unfolds her dies,
In death the violet shuts her azure eyes.

Mute is the lark, so blythe at early morn,
When warbles the sweet night-bird from her thorn.
But Home, in thy retreats, serenely gay,
Joys linked with sister joys unenvying stray.
Constellated delights, with friendly rays,
Illume thy skies, and pour a blended blaze.
The blush of morning, noon's resplendent glow,
The breeze-tuned woods, the river's murmuring flow,
The echoing hills, the billow-beaten shore,
Know still to please, though Emma charm me more ;
And graced by her with gifts before unknown,
Reflect her beauties, and improve their own.

So, where majestic Clyde devolves his floods,
Through Hamilton's green vales, and Bothwell's
woods,

Spreads verdure, scatters fragrance, where he glides,
And images the beauties on his sides,—
How sweet the scene!—Yet let the evening beams
Pierce the red clouds, and tint the woods and streams;
The woods and streams, delighted, meet the rays,
The distant mountains catch the spreading blaze;
In robes of light, celestial drapery, drest,
Reflect the glories of the glowing west;
With more than native beauties swell their store,
And charm those eyes they only pleased before.

When in long absence I forsake these walls,—
Now Duty lifts his voice, now Friendship calls,—
How joyless loiter, even in Pleasure's bow'rs,
The dull, dull moments, lengthened each to hours!

Can mirth convivial, can tumultuous joys,
Theatric splendours, Music's melting voice,
The thoughts of Home from Feeling's bosom cast,
Or drown the dear remembrance of the past?

No. In bright crowds the dazzling visions roll,
Assert their rights, and occupy my soul.

The present fades,—the hall, the glittering dome
Fleet from my view, and I am blest at Home.

Stay, dear delusions. Ah, with eagle speed,
They fly, and images of ill succeed :

“ What woes, even now, may visit those most dear !

Perhaps my Emma drops an anguished tear :

On me, perhaps, a suffering cherub calls”—

I start : the lights are dim, the banquet palls,

Wit pains me, laughter sickens.—If I strive

With sadness.—if more cheering thoughts revive ;

Yet, ceased the bosom's animated tone,
The charm, which gives to joy its joy, is gone.

Released, how swift from exile I depart,
And hasten to the dwelling of my heart.
That heart, unskilled its throbings to conceal,
Counts every circle of the glowing wheel,
Counts every footstep of the flying steed,—
“How slow they move! Urge, urge them on to speed.”
Now near and nearer,—now I pass the stream,
Ascend, surmount the hill. ’Tis not a dream :—
Home in its beauty rushes on my sight,
And through my bosom streams a torrent of delight.

Have ye not seen, when silvery clouds are driven,
Frequent and large, along the deep blue heaven,

One spot, with bright unbroken sunshine blest,
While shadows oft returning dim the rest?
Fair may it be. Yet even that sunny scene,
Fresh though its roses, fresh its emerald green,
Is not so fair, amid surrounding gloom,
As, 'mid the boasts of wealth and pride, my Home.

But that fair Form!—Her view delight restores;
My heart despries her, and my soul adores.
'Tis she, in every evil, faithful proved;
'Tis she, than health, life, liberty, more loved:
And thou, sweet child, whom many a tie endears,
Source of a thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
Where art thou? Why not to my bosom prest?
Oh, come in smiles, and give my soul its rest.

See, lightly darting, o'er the green she flies,—
Health on her cheeks, and pleasure in her eyes :
Breaks through the thicket, o'er the low fence springs,
And round me, shouting with delight, she clings.
Adieu the pangs of absence, hence alarms ;—
I hold my heart's best treasures in my arms.

Sickness or Pain ! Do they our Home invade,
As erst their Sire polluted Eden's shade ?
No mercenary stranger loiters near,
Bribed to cold kindness, taught to drop the tear
That never held communion with the heart :
The hand of Love performs each tender part ;
The pillow smoothes, the draught, the cordial brings,
And steals from Anguish, unaware, his stings.

The sigh scarce formed, her watchful glance descries,
Th' unspoken wish is open to her eyes ;
And all the Virtues, that in happier hours
We praised, but coldly praised,—half-hid their pow'rs,
Now with the charms and port of Angels move,
And boundless admiration join to love.

Such good from evil springs.—So where aspires
Etna, dread monarch of volcanic fires,
Nursed by their warmth, the flow'rets sweeter breathe,
More beauteous bloom, than on the plains beneath.

The olive's gifts, the orchard's varied train,
The purpling treasures of the vineyard's reign,
A richer flavour boast, a brighter glow,
Won from the fiery gulph that boils below.

Nor yet be scorned the humbler joys that meet
In Home, and make felicity complete.

The panoply that prudence oft must wear,
Amidst a world which vice and folly share,
Is here resigned. Let doubt with danger cease.
Who ranges, clad in steel, the haunts of peace ?
Come, let us laugh at pedants dully-wise ;
Come, truce with caution, let us solecise.*
Here stalks no gloomy sage, whose frowns severe
Bids mirth be mute, and pleasure disappear :
Here no half-wit, half-fool, is on the watch,
Meaning o'erlooked, ambiguous sounds to catch.
Here gladness dwells : The jest electric flies,—
Th' innoxious jest—and brightens fancy's eyes,

* *Ubi licet solacismos loqui*, says, I believe, one of the restorers of learning. He had probably been annoyed by some of those worthy personages, to whose formal *lectures*, the unfettered ease of conversation, though interspersed with *colloquial barbarisms*, as Johnson styles them, is infinitely preferable.

While rosy lips, unstained by guile, impart
Those smiles which speak serenity of heart.

'Tis even sweet to mark the well known flow'rs
Steal forth, and whisper, " Spring again is ours."
'Tis sweet to press the seat we oft have prest,
And in the wonted chamber sink to rest.
It charms me from this window to survey
The landscape, viewed, reviewed, each passing day.

Below, the deep-green woods their umbrage spread,
Darken the heights, or skirt the brighter mead,
Broad fields of fairer hue arise between ;—
The waving corn now spreads its cheerful green,
Now the ripe grass requires the mower's hand,
Or daisies, summer-snows, adorn the pasture land.

Onward, the City rears its castled crest,—
A matchless gem on Lothian's sunny breast.
Long lines of shining palaces extend,
And cupolas repose, and spires ascend !
While, proudly rising o'er its halls and towers,
With lion-port the hill of Arthur lowers.

But where the Forth's broad river sweeps the plain,
Moving to wed, fair stream, the Eastern main,
Yet nobler scenes unfold ;—a crowded Port,
Where Commerce, sire of empire, holds his court ;
The dark blue Frith, where many a whitened sail
Rests in the roads, or, pausing, courts the gale ;
The Isles that on its breast repose serene,
Here grey with rocks, there softening into green ;

Th' Expanse beyond, which owns no bounding line,
But that where sea and sky their tints combine ;
Save where, illumined by the westering ray,
The rock-walled Bass ascends, or humbler May ;
And, lovelier still, the winding northern shore,
With hamlets, towns, and castles, brightened o'er,
Adorned with fields from waste by culture won,
That gently swell to meet the Summer sun ;
While o'er their heads the giant Lomonds rise,—
Proud sons of earth that threaten yet the skies.

While art and nature thus to charm conspire,
Awake the mighty Masters of the lyre.
Let love's melodious numbers glide along,
Or pour the proud sublimities of song.

Now Shakespeare's lightning splendours meet our eyes,
A meteor flashing through poetic skies ;
Now, though dark clouds at times obscure his rays,
A sun of glory, Milton pours his blaze.
Immortal Milton ! on thy honoured brows,
More fresh through age, the Muse's chaplet blows ;
Nor shalt thou, Pope, at time's rude touch repine,
Though flowers of humbler beauty bloom in thine.

How soft, how quiet, all the Landscape round,
As if it feared to mar one tuneful sound !
How peaceful ! Now no glen, no lowering wood
Pours from its shade the Thirsters after blood ;
Secure, where fancy guides our steps, we stray,
Nor fear that death lies lurking in our way.

That Castle, lingering on the lonely steep,
Oft in his dungeon heard the captive weep ;
While proud Oppression, 'mid the festal blaze,
Won beauty's smile, and drank the dulcet tones of praise.
Now, all his crimes forgot, his splendour gone,
There Desolation fills her tottering throne ;
Hoarse-croaking frogs usurp the minstrel's strain ;
And where the trumpets echoed, owls complain.
The battlements, erewhile of fearful note,
Grey shapeless fragments, strew the grass-grown moat ;
And, like a giant, shrunk with age and hoar,
The Keep frowns o'er the vale, but can no more.

I joy to see its ruins (f)—to behold,
Crushed the proud pageantry of days of old ;

The strong-holds fallen, where petty tyrants sway'd,
While arts and freedom shun'd their baneful shade.
See, glittering mansions rise on their decay ;
See that green vale, with cots and hamlets gay.
The owner dreads not, as his domes aspire,
And his woods rise, the rage of hostile fire.
The peasant, rapine's ravages unknown,
Fearless, the future harvest calls his own.
Not such this hapless land in former times,—
A den of savages, a haunt of crimes :
Laws were disdained, and duties overthrown ;
The Monarch trembled on his blood-stain'd throne ;
The Chieftains, toss'd on faction's restless waves,
Now frown'd as rebels, and now crouch'd as slaves ;
The People knew not freedom's rights, decreed
For thankless lords to labour and to bleed.

Not such, even now, by nature favour'd more,
Those lands which Devastation tramples o'er ;
Lands, where the fierce and frantic Power of War,—
Whole nations crushed beneath his steel-bright car—
Leads death to love and virtue's calm abodes,
And drives afar their trembling household gods.

Not Him I mean, who, rous'd by many wrongs,
To shield the weak, and stem invading throngs,
Stern, his red banner to the winds unfurls,
'Mid guilt's faint ranks, his lightning sabre whirls,
And, with a voice which turns oppression pale,
Proclaims, that Freedom's right hand shall prevail :
What generous heart but owns him as its Lord ?
What arm but starts to snatch the patriot sword ?

Then, in the guardian of a threatened state,
Whose eyes shoot terror, and whose voice is fate,
I own the Sent of Heaven, I recognize
The watchful Seraph guarding Paradise.

From heaven HE comes :—But of infernal birth,
Behold that Form, who roams the wasted earth !
Swift as he moves, on wheels blood-dropping driven,
Hell's coruscations taint the beams of heaven.
The smiles that brightened Nature's face are fled,
And Earth's green robe is changed to blushing red.
Scourge of mankind ! His thirst insatiate drains
The crimson tribute of unnumbered veins.
His frenzied energy creation owns,
The shield of wrong, the stay of tyrant thrones,—

The fiend who blasts existence.—In his train,
Dark as the night, and billowy as the main,
What congregated horrors urge their way !
How falls each charm, that sweetens life, their prey !
His course is marked by pyramids of flame ;—
His force the groans of dying hosts proclaim ;—
Destruction springs obedient to his voice ;
And demons, half-forgot their pangs, rejoice.

This, this is War, whose blood-stained shrine before,
The prostrate nations tremble and adore.
To him their precious stores profuse are given,
Each boast of earth, and every gift of Heaven.
Their dearest hopes, the generous, brave and good,
Seal their insane devotion with their blood :

The joys of public and domestic life,

Blaze on the altars of the Fiend of strife.

On Grandeur's sufferings oft the Muse has shed

Those glories which immortalize the dead ;

But not alone the storm of warfare falls

On towers superb, and lute-resounding halls ;

With equal rage assailed, the clay-built bower,

The straw-roofed cottage sinks beneath its power :

Thus Everard's mansion fell, no splendid dome,

But blest with every joy that brightens Home.

The poor man's palace ! In its narrow bound,

Bliss rarely known to palaces was found ;

While sorrow kept aloof ; for pain and care

Seem'd leagu'd this family of love to spare.

War saw them, and was wroth. Destruction's bands
Mark his dire frown, nor linger for commands.
Headlong they rush, impatient to destroy,
While Havock laughs, and Murder shouts his joy.
'Tis done : The mansion of Contentment falls ;
Fire stalks triumphant o'er the prostrate walls ;
Their owner, sinking in the unequal strife,
Pours from his blameless breast the stream of life.
His children fall : Strength, courage, scorn of pain,
The skill of practised ruffians renders vain.
And ah, yon cherub, who, unknown to fear,
Smiled at the glittering of the hostile spear,
Pierced by that spear, to human fiends supplies
The grateful music of its dying cries.

Unhappy mother ! Parent, wife no more :
Sure death befriends thee, and thy woes are o'er.

Ah, no ! she breathes, and Memory comes again,
Cruel, to open every source of pain.
She sees her Home,—that Home so lately blest,
Where joy was found a never-failing guest ;—
That cherished Home, which bore in every part
Memorials dear to her delighted heart ;—
She sees that Home, low-levelled with the clay,
Th' unsated flames still lingering o'er their prey ;
She sees,—and starts with speechless horror wild,—
Her husband ever dear, her darling child ;—
At that dread sight endurance bursts in twain,
And phrenzy revels in her burning brain.
She grasps the steel, that pierced her husband's side,
And finds the death unpitying foes denied.
Oh guiltless death, which,—every stain above,—
Virtue might praise, and Piety approve :

Th' accusing angel saw, but blame represt,
And heaven received her to its sainted rest.

But not alone are those to be deplor'd,
Condemned to feel the unsparing victor's sword,
Even in those lands where Peace supports her reign,
Ills sprung from War at times her shrine profane.
The fierce Simoom, (g) who fires the Nubian air,
Though in his direst form he rages there,
Yet bids sick nature heave a suffering groan,
In regions to his purple pomp unknown ;
Wafts o'er the main his pestilential breath,
And showers on distant lands disease and death.

He comes, th' adventurous Mariner, from far, (h)
And laughs, secure, at tempests, and at war.

The circling shores, the mountains dimly blue,
Break through the haze of distance on his view ;
Near, and more near, his gladdened eye admires
The castled cliffs, the time-discoloured spires,
The domes that, brightened by the evening ray,
Superbly boast an ampler share of day.
Now he beholds,—and at the sight his heart
Exulting swells ; the tears of rapture start,—
Faintly distinguished from the billowy foam,
The low, white cottage, Edith's well-known Home :
His wedded love.—On Asia's sunny shore,
Storm-tossed, or deafened by the battle's roar,
Alike, of her he thought, to her address'd
The glowing wishes of a guileless breast.

And hastes not Edith, by impatience borne,
Swift as the gale that guides the car of morn ?

She comes, the fairest Form that crowds the strand,
Love in her looks, and welcome in her hand ;
She comes, her eyes fixed stedfast on the sail,
Blames its slow course, and chides the lingering gale.
The gale obeys her voice, the vessel flies ;
Already beam her charms on Albert's eyes :
He marks the flushes o'er her cheeks that move,
And hears, or thinks he hears, the soft low tones of love.

Albert, in vain for thee is love prepared ;
In vain the storm forbore, the battle spared.
Foes shall arise thy raptures to deform,
More fierce than war, more ruthless than the storm.
Even on the margin of thy boasted Isle,
Where Freedom reigned, and Peace diffused her smile,

Freedom's protecting energies shall cease,
And outrage crush thee in the lap of Peace.

Hark, that loud shout, and see, yon rugged brood,
In violence nurst, the Tygers of the flood,
From ambush start, the anchoring vessel scale,
Spread o'er the deck, th' astonish'd crew assail,
Those swords our foes alone should feel, unsheathe,
And give, for promised pleasure, chains or death.

With dauntless courage long though Albert strove,—
More fierce its flame, fann'd by the wings of Love,—
O'er love and courage barbarous arms prevail ;
Him, overborne by numbers, bleeding, pale,
Far from his Edith, from his Home, they bear,
And plunge amid the caverns of despair.

But not despair is Albert's lot alone ;
His anguish'd Edith echoes groan with groan.
The purple horrors of his streaming wound,
His limbs in other chains than Beauty's bound,
The savage band exulting o'er their prey,—
These blast her sight, and chase pale Hope away.

Take thy last look, Unhappy ! Never more
Shall Albert view thee, or his native shore.
Each chord, attuned to tenderest feelings, torn,
'Mid stormy scenes of blood and havock borne,
From all that charms or soothes existence hurl'd,
Life but long pain, a wilderness the World,—
On Spain's rough coast he finds a wish'd release,
And War's red arm bestows eternal peace.

Shall the still-restless tide of human life
Resorb me too amidst alarm and strife ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! and yet an hour may come
To urge me far from thee, my Love, and Home.
What said I ? Thoughts of sadness dim thine eyes,
Like clouds unlooked for, shading Summer skies.
Be cheered, my Love. It comes not, that dread hour,
It ne'er may come ; Life's joys are in our pow'r :
Flowers of a day, their fragrance still is new,
And their bright leaves are wet with morning dew ;
Seize we, while Heaven permits, the good they give,
And live, as truth and reason bid us live.

Our path with roses, though Affection strews,
Intrude not the world's cares on our repose ?

No, never. The faint rumour of turmoil,
The Warrior's struggle, and the Statesman's toil,
May reach our ears, but not annoy us more,
Than billows breaking on a distant shore.

Or if the sigh,—the tears of pity rise,
For the sad victims of successful vice ;
For hapless men by artful guilt undone,
For cities sacked, or kingdoms over-run ;
No lengthened pang, that sigh, these tears, shall leave ;
Soft as the gale and dews of Summer's eve :
They cherish, but not agitate ; they come
Kind feelings to improve, and heighten virtue's bloom.

But here, though Discord no admission find,
Nor Envy taint the soundness of the mind ;

Though Hate and Rage, those demons, dare not come(i)
Within the magic circle of our Home ;
Shun we our kind ? The stranger from afar,
The human fragments half-redeemed from war,
The pale forms shattered by disease and pain,
Shall never at our gate implore in vain :
My Emma's eye shall pity their distress ;
Her voice shall soothe them, and her bounty bless.
Are we alone ? With us the good and wise
At Friendship's altar oft shall sacrifice :
While from their fane th' indignant Lares* chace
Corruption's tribes and Folly's teasing race.

* The deities who, according to the ancient mythology, presided over home.

“ Hence, Ye,” they call, “ whom conscious guilt
defiles ;

Spring blooms in vain for you, and Summer smiles.
The dimpling stream in vain to soothe you tries,
The morning sun-beams wound your gloomy eyes.
Deaf to the Choristers, who pour along,
From wood to wood, the luxury of song ;
In cloudless heavens ye hear dread thunders roll,
And see avenging fires flash from the azure pole.

“ And ye Debased, who view, unmoved and cold,
Each charm of nature, unallied to gold ;
Whose hearts the glow of kindness never knew ;
Whose eyes were never bright with pity’s dew,—
Go, toil for wealth, nor higher transports claim,
Go, grovel in the dust, from which ye came.”

Be they obeyed : but You, whom feeling warms,
Awake to love, alive to nature's charms,
Who with delight the brightening landscapes view,
Where Spring's fair tribes their fragrant lives renew ;
Who, thrilled, the deeds of worth and valour hear,
While rapture pours th' involuntary tear ;
Friends of my soul, ye more than brothers, come,
And share with me the blameless joys of Home.

Shall we,—the season calls us,—shall we stray
At dawning, and anticipate the day ?
See Morn, her helm with rubies blazing, rise,
And shoot her lucid arrows o'er the skies.
The darkness yields, star after star retires,
And heaven is won by her resistless fires.
She views the globe with triumph-sparkling eyes,
And bids Creation from his slumbers rise.

Nature is glad.—The flowers her influence own,
And waft their freshest fragrance to her throne.
The plumpy race, with emulous warblings, pay
Due thanks to the vicegerent of the day.
Earth melts in praise, as blended flow along
The tides of light, of fragrance, and of song.

Noon too has charms. Tho' o'er the hills and woods,
With downward rays, the sun incumbent broods ;
Though Heat unsparing robs the flowers of dew,
Embrowns the grass, and pales the rose's hue ;
While Stillness, sliding o'er the sun-struck grounds,
O'erpowers the Morning's many-mingled sounds,
Subdues th' ethereal harmonies, and binds
The rustling pinions of the western winds ;—

I have a sweet retreat, where clustered trees
Reveal, with tremulous leaves, the lurking breeze ;
A brook, whose current never dries, is near,
And, softly rippling, wins the charmed ear.
Seest thou that turf-built seat with moss o'ergrown ?
There Coolness rears, at summer noon, his throne,
In sportive sway his feathery sceptre waves,
And with transparent dew our temples laves.

But sweetest far the time, when, mildly great,
Less fierce his splendour, less intense his heat,
The evening sun declines ; the blushing West
Prepares fit welcome for her radiant guest ;
Bids her bright dome its lucid gates unfold,
And rears his throne of mingled gems and gold.
No more the Morning's mirth-resounding voice
Invites the mountain-echoes to rejoice ;

No more does Noon, while listlessness invades,

Drive panting Animation to the shades.

But gentler warmth, and charms of softer pow'r,

Await the glories of the sun-set hour.

Mild-beaming hour ! Thy noiseless footsteps bless

A soothing calm, a placid cheerfulness.

Still are thy Joys. The redbreast's warbling throat

Drops, scarcely heard, an unpresuming note ;

O'er the smooth brook the crowding willows rest,

The sunshine sleeps on Ocean's waveless breast ;

To stir th' unrustling woods, the breezes cease,

And, stealing, fear to violate nature's peace.

Climb we that hill, whose verdant slopes survey

Th' unclouded grandeur of departing day ;

Behold the mountain-hosts that westward lie,
Hill surged on hill, in wild sublimity ;
And mark the Forth her winding waters pour,
By many a wood-fringed bank, and many a glittering
tower.

Serene and bright as a retiring god,
The sun, all glory, beams himself abroad ;
Crowns with empyreal gold the azure floods,
To smiles unwonted melts the dark-brow'd woods,
In purple splendour robes the northern hills,
And with one boundless blaze all æther fills.

O, like that Sun to shine, like him diffuse
Blessings unbounded as the evening dews !
How oft, when Sorrow pours his bitter cry,
Or silent turns to Heaven th' imploring eye,

The feeling heart with vain emotion glows,

And melts in fruitless sympathy of woes.

“ Ah, that to me the Almighty had consign’d

The Godlike privilege to bless mankind !

No more th’ unheeding breeze should waft your sighs ;

No more the tear-drop tremble in your eyes.

Blest to anticipate the poor man’s pray’r,

Pour sunshine on the gloomy brow of care,

With Freedom’s radiance chace the dungeon’s gloom,

Recal despondence from the yawning tomb,

To yon unsheltered wanderer, pale and weak,—

Health’s roses fled forever from his cheek,—

In soothing accents whisper, ‘ Cease to roam,’

And open wide for him the gates of Home,—

My heart should feel, while these its cares employ,

In giving joy, the purest thrill of joy.”

Thron'd o'er mankind, to you, to you 'tis given,
Earth-born, to emulate these deeds of Heaven.
Ah, wise though late, relentless strife forbear,
To human feelings wake, and learn to spare.
The wealth ye scatter with a lavish hand
To speed grim ruin o'er a smiling land,
Those golden showers which nurse the seeds of wo,
And bid the torrents of destruction flow,
Those arts, inimical to nature's plan,
Which man employs to crush his fellow man ;
That opulence, these arts, in works of peace
The globe might gladden with unknown increase ;
The languid eye of genius might relume,
To virtue's cheek recal its vanish'd bloom ;
Lone forests people, deserts fertilize,
And make this fair round earth a paradise.

Delusive thought ! Can truth's pure beams pervade
Th' eternal smoke that wraps a throne in shade,—
A smoke, which flattery's censer still supplies,
Which blinds the quick-eyed, and confounds the wise ?
Humanity, in life's sequestered vales,
Nurs'd with pure dews, caress'd by fanning gales,
In vernal beauty blooms, but, tender flower,
Fades in the poison'd atmosphere of power.

If blessings to diffuse transcends your will,
Sure 'tis less arduous to abstain from ill.
Ah, by the pangs of slavery's galling chain,
By tears for fathers, husbands, children slain,
Attend to Misery's sad and strong appeal,
Show ye have hearts not hardened quite to steel,

Arrest the arm that lifts Oppression's rod,
And merit once th' approving look of God.

If Virtue's voice, if Pity's accents fail,
Let awe of fearful recompence prevail.
Though long Endurance bow'd his neck to wrong,
And Vengeance, often call'd on, slumber'd long,
Have they not risen the haughty to confound,
Spurned proudest thrones, and dashed them to the
ground ?

The unregarded vapours that arise,
When noontide glows, and viewless, seek the skies ;
Condensed, may form of clouds the dark array,
Seize heaven's bright fields, expel the trembling day,
Sweep with black pinions o'er the world beneath,
And pour on palaces dismay and death.

The swarthy Genius of Nigritia's shores,(k)
Even now, with tears of blood, your aid implores.
Sad as he views his half-unpeopled plains,
And, starting, hears loud whips and clanking chains ;
Now from his bosom bursts the anguish'd sigh,—
Now thoughts of future vengeance sparkle in his eye.

Not, not alone, amidst the Atlantic waves,
Unpitied thousands haste to nameless graves.
In happier lands, in European climes,
Less fired by passions, tainted less by crimes,
Even here the sable victims of despair
Pour the scorn'd tear, and urge the fruitless prayer.

See that poor Out-cast, who his plaint prefers,
With tremulous voice, to heedless passengers.

A man of griefs ! His days began to run
In climes inflamed by a relentless sun,
In lands to Superstition's arts a prey,
And parch'd beneath a Despot's fiery sway.
There Liberty, exalting man to God,
Ne'er touch'd with flame from heaven the breathing
Clod,
But Tyranny, through Animation's realms,
By land and sea, her trembling tribes o'erwhelms.
Yet there her compensations Nature gave,—
Health to the man, contentment to the slave.
Who never breathed where temperate seasons smile,
Enjoys the torrid clime, and burning soil ;
Who ne'er the bliss of equal rights has known,
Resigned, can bow before a tyrant's throne.
His vigorous frame fatigue and pain defies,
His mind is cloudless as Melinda's skies :

For him the tropic-treasures are display'd,
For him the laurels thicken into shade,
The orange groves perfume the zephyr's wing,
And palms their unexhausted treasures bring.
But chief with social joy his heart beats high ;
Joy thrills his frame, and sparkles in his eye,
Bids his light limbs in measure glide along,
And moulds to melody his artless song.
The kindred bands with whom his bliss is shar'd,
The scenes of pleasure, claim his fond regard,—
Scenes, where, at eve's cool hour, the dance he wove,
Or sought and won the yielding smile of love.
And as the rays which noon diffuses round,
Collected in the convex chrystal's bound,
In narrower limits mightier force display,
And boast a brightness which obscures the day ;

So his affections,—who, untaught to know
A stranger, save a vagrant or a foe,
Ne'er felt a wish in other scenes to roam,—
With blaze concentrated illume his Home.

But bitter change arose. The tide of war
Stain'd with red streams the silver Calabar.
With rage and avarice filled, the foe drew near,
Death led his van, and flames pursued his rear ;
He burst, a blasting fire-bolt, on the plains,
Consumed the villages, the flocks, the swains ;
Then, tired of slaughter, the sad relics bore,
Rapt in a scorching whirlwind, to the shore.

A slave before, now tenfold more a slave,
Plung'd, warm in life, 'mid Europe's floating grave,

Misery's despairing vigils doomed to keep,
Azid is wafted o'er the unpitying deep.

Long, long 'tis his each form of ill to know,—
A weary traveller through the realms of wo.
In those fair islands, Afric's direst bane,
Stars of the deep, that gild the Atlantic main,
Azid, enslav'd beneath a foreign lord,
Might dream he saw his native clime restor'd.
But where his fields by countless charms endeared,
His cane-built home which laughing labour reared,
The simple joys that circled round his board,
And his lost friends, the victims of the sword ?
Is that a Home, which peace and rest disown,
Forever saddened by a tyrant's frown ?—

A tyrant dark, severe, who joys to urge,
By sufferance but provoked, the reddening scourge,
Till crimson drops start full from every wound,
Till life's warm current smokes along the ground.

It clears : a beam of bliss, with dubious strife,
Breaks through the long continued storm of life.
The tyrant dies ; a milder lord succeeds,
No more the lash resounds, the captive bleeds.
A gale, to slavery adverse, sweeps the sea,
And bears glad Azid, Britain's isle, to thee ;
Thy cliffs he views, and deems his ills are o'er,
For Freedom smiling, hails him on the shore.

Alas, though Freedom's hand unbind his chains,
Vain is the gift, for wretchedness remains.

His patron just and good to death is given,
Snatched in his spring of life, yet ripe for heaven.
Disease invades him, alien from our clime,
And, eagle-winged, outstrips the march of time.
His shrivelled limbs no more his frame sustain,
To use decayed, yet sensible of pain ;
And yet he lives,—oh wretched life, which gives
Those pangs alone that tell the wretch he lives !

Child of the South ! on thy defenceless head
The Polar storms their icy tortures shed.
Condemned to take what nature's wants demand,
From squeamish Charity's half-shrinking hand.
No Home is thine to warm thee or to cheer ;
No kinsman's friendly voice, to soothe thine ear :

No hand to dry the tears by sorrow shed ;
Classed with the dogs, but spurned while they are fed.
The morn awakes thee with her cheerful song,
But to bewail that anguish lives so long.
Night hears thee, while her starry banners wave,
Implore the starless gloom that shades the grave.

Lo, kneeling to his gods, the bold Maroon (i)
Strange rites performs beneath the midnight moon ;
And, sighing for his Home and native land,
Asks the deep vengeance broken vows demand.
Once sprung the warrior at the break of morn,
And roused his brothers with the vocal horn.
Exulting in his might, he climb'd the steep,
Sent his keen glance along the vapoury deep.

And mark'd its billows ebbing fast away,
Hills, woods, and lawns emerging into day.
Then while rejoiced the rising sun he sees,
His fires still tempered by the freshening breeze,
He eyes with honest scorn the sun-burnt plains,
Where groans the slave, the fearful despot reigns ;
Turns proud of heart to his beloved abode,
And Independence hails, the mountain god.
His looks now to the distant ocean stray,
Where white sails gleam along the watery way,
“ Ah, wretched men !” he cries, “ Still doom’d to roam,
Nor know like me the happiness of Home.”
At eve, victorious o’er the boar, he turns,
Where in his hut, the cheerful night-blaze burns ;
The feast divides, with simple pleasures blest,
And, midst his children, sinks to fearless rest.

He rests no more ! The dread decree is given ;—

“ Far from his country let the wretch be driven.”

Thy manly virtues, Walpole, vainly strove
Honour in breasts, where fear sat throned, to move.

The shivering Exile, lo, his fate deplores

On Preston’s* bleak inhospitable shores,

A land of storms and winter. Now again,

Snatched by late pity o’er th’ Atlantic main,

Hopeless, he disembarks on Afric’s coast,

His Home and all its joys to mourn forever lost.

Oft by neglect impelled, or falsehood driven,
Worth, genius, pine beneath an hostile heaven ;
Their country stretches forth no friendly hand,
But bids them wander in a foreign land ;

* In Nova Scotia.

Amidst unpitying strangers toil and weep,
Or swell the unnumbered victims of the deep.

Such fate was Thine,* whose softly-plaintive strain
Threw splendour o'er the tempest-darken'd main,
Bade the pale forms of grief and terror please,
And harmonised the discord of the seas.
The song was poured in vain. No dolphin bore
The new Arion, sinking, to the shore.

Along the azure seas that India lave,
Hush'd every blast, and calm'd each ruder wave,
Behold th' exulting vessel wing her way,
Her sails proud-swelling to the tropic day.

* FALCONER, the author of the Shipwreck. He assumes in that poem the name of Arion, an ancient poet, by whose song, it is fabled, a dolphin was so charmed, that, when he was thrown into the sea, it received and carried him to the shore.

Bright, while her course consenting west winds guide,
She moves the empress of the sparkling tide.
Joy fills each bosom ; Hope assumes her stand
High on the deck, and points th' expected land ;
Spreads the fresh green of Coromandel's shades,
And paints the radiant forms of Cashmere's maids.

Swift change ! In sable wreaths see smoke aspire,
The gloomy offspring of a shining sire.
O'er the blue arch of heaven he bends his way,
And clasps with swarthy arms the bright-hair'd day.
Soon, rushing forth, the Flame impatient springs,
Rears his red crest, and waves his glittering wings,—
Feeble at first : But rising in his might,
More vast his limbs, his form more dazzling bright,
He scorns restraint, along the deck extends,
Glides through the cordage, the tall mast ascends,

Nor pauses, phrenzied, till one mighty blaze
His conquest to the trembling deep displays.

Then rose the cry of anguish ;—then Despair
Shot with a yell of triumph through the air.
On vulture wings, behold the demon move,
Point to the waves below, the flames above,
Bid with tremendous accents hope depart,
And plunge his fangs in every shuddering heart.

Son of the Muse, in this disastrous hour
Can song avail, or Fancy's magic power ?
Relentless rush the hurrying flames along,
Blind to the charms of Fancy, deaf to song.
Already see, with lucid pinions spread,
The bright destruction flutters o'er his head.

No pause is left for thought, no path to save,
Resolved he springs amidst th' inviting wave ;
With faint instinctive struggle yields his breath,
Sooth'd, dying, thus to shun a direr death.

Return, my thoughts, return from scenes of pain,
Which scorn redress, where sympathy is vain ;
Return ; your range let Home-sprung pleasures bound,
And all this fair creation spread around.
How pleasing at this hour, so sweetly still,
Careless to wander o'er the unpath'd hill !
The sun, now low, has bid the vales farewell,
But pours a richer blaze o'er each aërial swell ;
More proudly rise in light the summits green,
While deeper shadows hide the glens between.
The splendour shrinks apace : On yonder height,
See,—now 'tis gone,—the last red line of light.

Still glows the west ; but o'er the pale blue sky,
Star after star, soft glittering, meets the eye.
First of their train, with tresses dropping dew,
Bright-bosom'd Venus sparkles on our view :
So beauteous rose the goddess from the flood,
While on her locks th' aquatic diamonds stood,
Or down her rosy cheeks each other prest,
Or paused, delighted, on her snow-white breast.—
And now the brightening firmament,—where swells
That piny hill, th' approaching moonlight tells :
Slow o'er its head ascends a vapour bright,
And crowns it with a diadem of light.
Broadening the glory rises, till on high
The moon appears, and claims her subject sky ;
She leaves each cloud behind, throws full her rays,
Lights up all nature with her temperate blaze ;
And while around us woods and waters play,
Soothes, more than soothes us, for departed day.

Then converse doubly charms, when all conspires
To please,—soft scenes, mild hopes, and calm desires.
Then music breathes : The voice, the skilful hand,
Thy warblings then awake, dear native land ;
Most sweet, most plaintive ! Erin, as they flow,
Lends, emulous, her melodies of wo.
Mirth and her laughing train in turn succeed,
That stain no cheek, and bid no bosom bleed :
Till slumber beckoning, bids our revels cease,
And day is closed, as it began, in peace.

Unhappy men, whom Heaven permits to gain
Bliss, virtue may desire, nor taste disdain,
Yet, mad, to hatred and contention give
The short and clouded hour they claim to live !
Must Time for them in infancy remain,
And grey Experience point their path in vain ?

Perhaps the years, that now in darkness roll,
At last may dawn ; to man's benighted soul,
Disclose th' abodes of happiness ; and show,
In guilt's close shades, the lurking forms of wo.
Science o'er earth her treasures may diffuse,
And taste and fancy sprinkle softening dews.
Man, fashion'd to a better life, may find
That bliss consists in blessing human kind.
Where the brown Savage triumphs to survey
The anguished writhings of his captive prey,
Delights to rouse a pang unfelt before,
And drinks from breasts convulsed the welling gore ;
Even he may join to aid the glorious plan,
Throw off the fiend, and brighten into man :
Strangers unarmed among his fields may rove,
And hear no sounds, but harmony and love ;

See welcome's blaze still kindling where they roam,
And every door disclose an hospitable Home.

Is this a dream, unauthorized and vain,
The light and worthless coinage of the brain ? (n)
As well to chace the ills that earth deform,
Control the whirlwind, and chastise the storm,
May man pretend, as hope, the power to find
Of opening ceaseless sunshine on the mind,
Of binding base desires in Reason's chain,
Or calming the rough waves of Passion's main ?
Ah, yet, even so, yet better hopes arise,
That scorn the earth, and ask their kindred skies ;
Hopes, that upon a firmer basis rest,
Than the weak counsels of the human breast.
When Man shall quit his frail abode of clay,
Earth shrink with heat, and Sun and Moon decay ;

When Ruin, grasping stern the starry frame,
Shall plunge them in th' abyss from which they came ;
The SIRE of BEING, with paternal care,
Shall, for his Chosen, fit retreats prepare.—
From Earth ; from those bright Worlds, whose
myriads roll,
In fair disorder o'er the nightly pole ;
From Stars remoter, whose unwearied light
Has striven in vain to dawn on mortal sight ;
From Planets, which their tremulous orbits trace
On the dim boundary of formless space ;—
The Heirs of bliss, from every stain refin'd,
Their sorrows and their frailties left behind,
Shall at HIS voice, that calls to glory, come ;
Enter the gates of day, and find in HEAVEN their HOME.

THE
TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bowed down with pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline :
I hied to the Home of my Fathers again,
But the Home of my Fathers no longer was mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome, was gone ;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more ;
A stranger was there, with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eye as I entered his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn ;
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart vowed never more to return.

What Home shall receive me ! One Home yet I know,
O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine-branches wave,
'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers. The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers ! The grey moistened
walls,
Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay :
The gate, off its hinge, and half-opening, calls,
“ Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay.”

Alas, thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augured my breast !
From a Wanderer accept, oh my Fathers, this tear,
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.

VICTORY. (o)

Men of Scotland, once, once more—

Who shall glory's path decline ?

Soon the contest shall be o'er :

Charge, and break that iron Line.

They bend ; behold their hurrying pace !

Sun of evening, pour thy flame,

Aid us in the bloody chace,

Light our triumph, light their shame.

Jaffa's victors ! Uri's lords !

Let fresh bays your temples wreath.

Take our homage,—flashing swords ;

Lo, our tribute,—wounds and death.

Fast dissolve Benevis'* snows,

When the fires of June they feel :

Faster fall our stubborn foes,

Smit by Scotland's burning steel.

God of Battles ! thou art just.

They who made Helvetia groan,

Writhing in the purpled dust,

Now with blood for blood atone.

* The highest mountain in Scotland.

Ha ! that Band, whose broken ranks
Slaughter's dreadful torrent swell !—
They on Nile's polluted banks
Wrought the darkest deeds of hell.

Vainly Pity raised her voice ;
Hoary age in vain implor'd ;
Dear to them Destruction's joys,
Prized the unrelenting sword.

From the shrieking mother's breast,
They her smiling infant tore :
They, as, frantic, on she prest,
Laughing, dashed her with its gore.

Not unseen by Heaven's eye !

Vengeance stern, with bitter smile,

Tracked their steps from Egypt's sky,

To the shores of Britain's isle.

Onward ! impious 'twere to spare ;

Slaughter, take thy bloodiest range :

Hark, their death-groans fill the air,

Sweetest music to revenge !

Every wound our swords impress,

Weakens France's tyrant sway.

This field foretells more bright success ;

The crimson dawn brings on the day.

TO THE
EVENING STAR.

HAIL, loveliest of the stars of Heaven,
Whose soft, yet brilliant beams display
The mildness of advancing Even,
The splendour of retiring Day !

Star of delight ! the rosy Sky
Sheds tears of joy for thy return ;
Around thy car the Breezes sigh,
Nymphs of thy train, the Planets burn.

All earth is gladdened by thy rays ;
And every flower, and shrub, and tree,
Boast fresher bloom, and grateful pays
A tribute of perfume to thee.

Day for thy partial smile contends ; —
Night boasts for her thy glories shine ; —
Before thee tranquil Pleasure bends,
And Beauty whispers, “ Thou art mine.”

Yes, thou art Beauty’s friend and guide,
Conducted by thy beams so sweet,
She wanders forth at even-tide,
The Chosen of her heart to meet.

All grace she moves,—with steps as light

As Rapture's bliss or Fancy's dream ;—

More soft her thoughts than dews of night,

More pure than that unwaving stream.

Thy beams disclose the haunt of love,

Conspicuous mid the twilight scene ;

For Spring its leafy texture wove,

And wedded roses to its green.

Fair Wanderer of the sunset hour,

Approaching to the ruddy west,

Where fairy forms prepare thy bow'r,

With blooms from heavenly gardens drest.

Behold the light that fills her eye,
The flushes o'er her cheeks that move :
Can earth a sight more sweet supply,
Than Loveliness improv'd by Love ?

“ Yes, far more sweet !” Methinks the while
I hear thy accents whisper low ;
“ Tis Beauty with her angel smile
“ Inclining o'er the couch of Wo.”

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NOTES.

(a)

*Thy streamlets gently murmuring, and the bloom
Showered on their winding banks;—but sweeter Home.*

P. 7. 1. 5.

I have lately been informed of a poem entitled, “The Influence of local attachment with regard to *Home*,” but have not been able to procure it. On turning, however, to the periodical publications about the time when it made its appearance, I am convinced, from the specimens given of that poem, and the criticisms made on it, that, in its plan and execution, it is quite dissimilar from the performance which I have presumed to offer to the public.

I take this opportunity likewise to say, that, though I apprehend rhymes ought, in general, to be exact, yet, as in music, a less perfect concord, *sometimes* introduced, has an agreeable effect; nor do I think that an author is bound to subject himself to stricter fetters than those worn by the most distinguished of his predecessors. Pope not unfrequently indulges in such rhymes as, “*men, unseen; grace, brass; years, sepulchres.*” Gray, whose correctness is almost exemplary, has occasionally such rhymes as these,

“*In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom.*”

Even Darwin, who, whatever be his other faults, is very correct in his versification, has,

“ She comes, the goddess ! Through the whispering *air*,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing *car*,”
and others not more perfect.

(b)

Brightens his purple neck, &c.—P. 12. l. 7.

As the Alexandrine is not unfrequently introduced, I am desirous of explaining why I have deviated in this respect from modern usage, which allows only of its very rare recurrence. My reason is, that it adds a pleasing variety, when judiciously employed, especially in heroic verse. Dryden's skill in numbers will hardly be questioned ; and although the Alexandrine occurs, perhaps, too often in his works, yet, on many occasions, it is most happily introduced, and contributes much to the “ majestic march, and energy divine,” by which his best performances are so eminently distinguished. Injudicious imitators employed it without regard to propriety, and Pope justly censures the “ *needless Alexandrine*.” Every line, every expression which is *useless*, merits the same censure. But Pope forgot the limitation of his own precept, and relinquished, or at least very sparingly used, the Alexandrine, when he might have employed it to great advantage. His successors, in general, looked on his versification as a standard, from which they were not on any account to deviate ; but I flatter myself, that, in the liberties which I have in this respect taken, I shall be thought guiltless of innovation, and only to have recurred to the good old way.

(c)

*While o'er the plains and uplands, doubly bright,
The evening sun diffused his rosy light.*

P. 17. l. 5.

This, I think, is from a German author,—Wieland, I believe: But I cannot at present turn it up in his voluminous works.

(d)

Lo, Poverty!—P. 32. l. 1.

I am not conscious of having borrowed from Gray in this, or the subsequent personifications; but it is perhaps proper to subjoin some passages from his Ode on a prospect of Eton College.

“ And keen *Remorse*, with blood defil’d,”—

“ Lo, in the vale of years, beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful *Family of Death*,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
These in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming *Age*.”

Perhaps the frequent personifications in this part of the poem may be blamed. Darwin has certainly indulged in them too often; but though they may no doubt be misapplied, they hold a most distinguished rank in poetry. Whoever reads Gray’s Odes, must be more than pleased with the

frequent recurrence of this figure. The greater part of the ode above quoted, and of the Hymn to Adversity, which even Johnson was compelled to praise, is composed of the happiest personifications to be met with in poetry. The daring genius of Shakespeare delighted in this poetical *creation*, though sometimes the abstractions to which he gives life are misplaced, or disproportioned. Thus, when Cæsar says,

“ *Danger* knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions littered in one day,

And I the elder, and more terrible,”

the mind receives, with difficulty, this comparison between a hero and a mere poetical entity.

In the second part of *Henry IV.*,

—————“ *Contention*, like a horse,

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

And bears down all before him,”

is perhaps too strong ; but it is amply atoned for by the beautiful personification of *Sleep* in the same play.

(e)

There Hate, whose day dreams scenes of blood defile.

P. 33. l. 15.

Gray, in the line formerly quoted, has “ *Remorse with blood defiled*;” and though I am not conscious of borrowing, I think it proper to remark the coincidence of expression. Every man, who has tried poetical composition, must have experienced the impossibility of always avoiding to use the expressions, and even the thoughts, of those who have

gone before him. Ideas, which seem unborrowed, and expressions, which to him have all the grace of novelty, are afterwards discovered to have another and a juster owner. When I have made any such discovery, I have in general struck out the passage ; but I am not by any means certain, that I have never retained what is the property of another ; and, if I shall discover that this is the case, I shall be most willing to acknowledge it. I will not say, “Pereant qui ante me mea bona dixere,” but, at least, I must deprecate the severity which ascribes to all accidental coincidences, all unintentional adoptions, the guilt of deliberate plagiarism. A late ingenious critic has carried this to a great length. The principle by which he is guided in the detection of plagiarism, resembles that of Fluellen in his comparisons. “I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a *river* in Macedon, and there is also a *river* in Monmouth : It is called *Wye*, at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers to my fingers, and there is *salmon* in both.” If in any two passages, a *river* be mentioned, it is, with this severe critic, a strong presumption of plagiarism ; but if there be “*salmon* in both,” the proof of guilt is irrefragable. It were but a single step farther to accuse this “learned justicer,” of *stealing* every *word* in his acute remarks from Johnson’s Dictionary ; for, doubtless, they all existed there many years before his lucubrations delighted the world.

To me these considerations appear rather more rational.

1. Men, who contemplate the same objects, may occasionally view them in the same light, and with the same feelings. Their thoughts, and *sometimes* even their expressions, will therefore resemble each other. When a man of genius, and one without talents describe the same object, their descriptions will indeed differ thus far, that the one will present an absurd, and sometimes a ludicrous *caricature*, and the other a *just resemblance*. 2. Images and peculiar felicities of expression may deeply impress themselves on the mind, and yet for a while remain dormant. When again they recur, they may have a vividity which more peculiarly belongs to *invention*, and may therefore be mistaken for the offspring of imagination rather than recollection.

3. There are certain expressions so frequent in poetry, as to be incapable of individual appropriation, but belong to the community.

In general, I should not suspect a man of abilities of intentional plagiarism. Why should a rich man steal, when his own stores are sufficient to supply his demands ? To give a single instance : When I find in the *Pleasures of Hope*,

“ What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few, and far between.”

And recollect that Blair says,

“ Its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between;”

I have no doubt that Mr. Campbell has unconsciously borrowed the thought, and nearly the expression : but I should be the last man in the world to charge him with plagiarism.

(f)

I joy to see its ruins.—P. 76. l. 14.

The glitter of the ages of chivalry catches the imagination ; but no man, who studies the history of these times dispassionately, can fail to be persuaded, that the great body of the people was in a state of abject depression. The virtues even of the knights, courage excepted, were, in general, very problematical ; and their courage was often employed in the support of wrong.

(g)

The fierce Simoom.—P. 84. l. 7.

“ Idris cried out with a loud voice, Fall upon your face, here is the *Simoom*. I saw from the south east a haze come, in colour like the *purple* part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly ; for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground with my head to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face.” *Bruce’s Travels.* The effects of the Simoom are felt in places very remote,—in Egypt, in some of the islands of the Mediterranean, especially Sicily, and in the southern parts of Italy.

(h)

He comes, th’ adventurous mariner, from far.

P. 84. l. 13.

The subject of impressing is too important to be discussed in a note ; I shall therefore confine myself to re-

marking, that though on some occasions the public safety may justify recourse to this violence, yet it appears to me to be too often employed without necessity. The gratitude due to our seamen requires, that means should be used to correct this grievance. We read with pleasure the recommendation of George II. to his parliament on this subject. "I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general ; that they may be *invited*, rather than *compelled* by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as far as occasion shall require it ; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation."

Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.

"These are imperial *plans*, and worthy kings."

(i)

Within the magic circle of our home.—P. 91. l. 2.

"Within the magic circle of his eye."

CHURCHILL.

(k)

The swarthy genius of Nigritia's shores.—P. 102. l. 1.

Oh, jam satis! cry the defenders of the slave trade. I should say so too, if the trade were abolished ; but till then, I think it is the duty of every honest man to express his detestation of it.

(1)

Lo, kneeling to his gods, the bold Maroon.—P. 109. l. 7.

The Maroons were settled in the mountainous parts of Jamaica. “In their persons and carriage (says Dallas) the Maroons were erect and lofty, indicating a consciousness of superiority ; vigour appeared upon their muscles, and their motions displayed agility. Their eyes were quick, wild and fiery, the white of them appearing a little reddened ; owing perhaps to the greenness of the wood they burned in their houses, with the smoke of which it must have been affected. They were accustomed, from habit, to discover in the woods objects which white people, even of the best sight, could not distinguish ; and their hearing was so wonderfully quick, that it enabled them to elude their most active pursuers ; they were seldom surprised. They communicated with one another by means of horns, and when these could hardly be heard by other people, they distinguished the orders that the sounds conveyed. It is very remarkable, that the Maroons had a particular call upon the horn for each individual, by which he was summoned from a distance, as easily as he could have been spoken to by name, had he been near.” Tre-lawny-town was the most considerable of their settlements. From its elevated situation, it was cool and healthy, and commanded a most extensive prospect of wooded mountains, plantations, towns on the coast, and the ocean. Hunting the wild boar was one of the principal employments of its inhabitants, and from this was derived their appellation of Maroons.

From the account given by Dallas of the Maroon war, it appears to have been conducted with inexcusable ignorance and disgraceful incapacity, on the part of their enemies, with the exception of one or two individuals. If his narrative be true, it is impossible to bestow adequate terms of reprobation on the impolicy of the persons who had the chief direction. It is indeed almost incredible; and yet, as the statement is given, not by a nameless author, but by a man in some degree of credit with the public, it might have been expected that, if untrue, it would have been contradicted by the person chiefly concerned. This much deference was due to the public, and to his own reputation; and for this, perhaps, it may not be yet too late to hope.

The conduct of General Walpole shines, amidst that of Governors and Colonial Assemblies, with a lustre improved by contrast. By a breach of treaty, the Maroons were forced from their homes and native land, and transported to the miserable region of Nova Scotia, where they lingered two winters. Some idea may be formed of the change which they experienced, when the rigours of that climate are recollected; when we know that even hedges will not grow there, the fences being made of fallen trees or pieces of wood. The Maroons were then transported to Sierra Leone, but their regret on account of their banishment still remained. "They universally (says Dallas) harbour a desire of going back at some period of their lives to Jamaica."

(n)

The light and worthless coinage of the brain.

P. 119. l. 4.

“This is the very coinage of your brain.”

Hamlet.

(o)

VICTORY.—P. 124.

Whoever has perused the account of French atrocities in Egypt, as given by *Denon*, will, I flatter myself, think the feelings expressed in these verses perfectly justifiable. Every man ought to bear these atrocities in mind, and to regard the perpetrators of them with those sentiments which the most detestable vileness and cruelty deserve. A flatterer may be believed, when he recounts acts disgraceful to his patron; and it may be fairly concluded, that he has drawn a veil over those which are least excusable. From the *softened* account of the panegyrist *Denon*, we learn that the miserable Egyptians “soon began to *regret* their former tyrants,” an expression which almost supersedes the necessity of giving particular examples of the enormities committed by the army of France. But *Denon* is not sparing of these. “After thirteen hours marching we came to *Gamerissiem*, *unfortunately* for this village; for the cries of the women soon convinced us that our soldiers, profiting by the darkness of the night, under pretence of seeking provisions, and notwithstanding their weariness, were enjoying the gratifications which the place offered them. The inhabitants, *pillaged*, *dishonoured*, and *urged to desperation*, fell upon the patroles whom we sent to defend

them; and these, attacked by the furious natives, were killing them in their own defence." Some disturbances were excited in Beneadi, a town containing 12,000 inhabitants. "The troops, *animated with the hope of plunder, in an instant swept away the whole village.* Those of the inhabitants that escaped, joined the remnant of the Mec-cans, marched against Miniet, and were put to the sword in a second encounter." In an unnecessary attack on the little Island of Philœ, such was the horror excited by the conduct of the French, "that parents were seen drowning the children they could not carry away, and mutilating their daughters, to save them from the violence of the victors." In one place, Denon gives an elegant summary of French kindness. If the inhabitants fled, every thing was destroyed. If they came to pay tribute, a few of them were now and then butchered, *pour passer le tems.* But if they did not quit their dwellings, they were sometimes allowed to share with the soldiers their own provisions, and they had only a few of their wives and daughters ravished. Such were the *tender mercies* of a French army, when commanded by a being like Bonaparte.

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